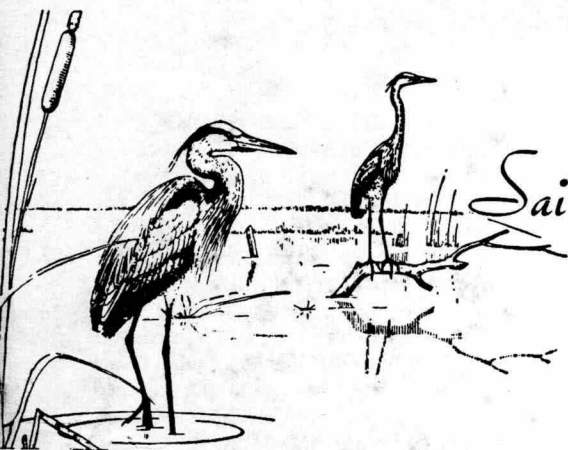




Saint Louis Audubon

Bulletin

November, 1960

Vol. 29, No. 1

LAUREL REYNOLDS The New World Rediscovered Tuesday, November 22, 1960

Third Baptist Church, Grand and Washington, 8:15 p.m.

The Age of Discovery is over, but rediscovery will never end. Laurel Reynolds of Piedmont, California, has journeyed over a large part of the Western Hemisphere, filming the natural world as it must have appeared to the explorers centuries ago. Spectacular birds of the West Indies . . . Texas coastal wildlife . . . whales sounding and leaping in remote lagoons . . . sea otters at Monterey . . . and Alaska, our last frontier, where bears still fish for salmon.

FIRST WHOOPERS ARRIVE BACK IN TEXAS

Aransas National Wildlife Refuge, Texas — The Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife recorded arrival of the first migrant whooping crane on its traditional wintering grounds here October 19, 1960, the National Wildlife Federation reports. A close tally will be maintained to determine the number of baby birds which return with the adults. Early this spring, 31 whooping cranes left Aransas for their nesting grounds in Wood Buffalo Park south of the Great Slave Lake in Canada and they are expected to return by mid-December. The whooping crane is the nation's largest bird. Those which winter here are the only wild whooping cranes known to exist.

A HOUSEWIFE'S DIARY ON A EUROPEAN TREE SPARROW FOR 15 MONTHS

By EVA C. KIRKPATRICK

October 26, '55—

First noticed shortly after we moved here; first week to be exact.

October 28-29, '55—

Entered as ?. "Always 2 little birds like sparrows but with black ear muffs feeding on the ground."

October 30, '55—Recorded.

November 2-9, '55—Recorded.

November 10, '55—

Went to Century Garden Club and made a report on all the birds we saw and asked if anyone knew what this one was? Dr. Kennedy, pharmacologist, an enthusiastic birder, went for his 'Peterson' and I paged through it and found the exact picture of the unidentified sparrow. Betty Kennedy, his daughter, looking over my shoulder, said, "Oh, you couldn't have a EUROPEAN tree sparrow and live right here in MO." I agreed that it sounded impossible but stood pat that that was the bird I saw. We turned to the description and then it seemed that I couldn't be so wrong after all. Dr. Kennedy mentioned he had just received a small blue book by Jones from a friend and it had said something about a sparrow. So that night we received our first information on the EUROPEAN TREE SPARROW. Couldn't wait to get home to tell Kemps finally had identified our Mr. X.

November 11, '55—2 E.T.S.

November 12, '55—6 E.T.S.

November 13, '55—

Birds seem to have a schedule in their feeding; cardinals, jays, E.T.S., juncos, titmice, chickadees, nuthatch, woodpeckers, etc.

November 18, '55—

Again have them recorded in my notes.

November 19-25, '55—

Recorded them daily.

December 3, '55—

Recorded 8 E.T.S.

December 6, '55—

Recorded 12 E.T.S.

December 9, '55—

Recorded 16 E.T.S.

Next few weeks have daily mob feeding so E.T.S. would be included.

Recorded on January 1, 19, 21, when I would get ambitious and list kinds feeding.

February 1, '56—

Recorded 31 E.T.S.

February 2, '56—

Recorded 45 E.T.S. Was disgusted that we had so many E.T.S.

"Had 45 E.T.S. at small feeder on the ground. They have even crowded out the Englishmen. Seems as if we are doomed to have lots of them. One in particular, Greedy Gus, eats at the persimmon feeder all the time, fights off all the Englishmen fiercely, but will allow another E.T.S. to feed alongside. Wonder if it is Mrs. Gus? He is funny trying to defend both sides at the same time. Must feel frustrated."

February 4, '56—

BIG DAY-Haths were here. Came to see the cardinal but seem more interested in the E.T.S. Can't understand it. Had about 50 that day feeding at one time. Maybe they aren't so bad after all. (How naive we were.)

February 11, '56—

ANOTHER BIG DAY-Haths brought MR. COMFORT. All the birds showed up. Even the hawk. Found out we had Montana juncos. But see regular note.

February 16, '56—

Downpour today. E.T.S. just crowded in feeder and kept on feeding.

February 19, '56—

Well, this is the limit. Greedy Gus even fell asleep on the feeder. Spent the night.

February 24, '56—

Hardly saw a bird today. How do you like that? First nice day and all the birds desert me.

February 25, '56—

Cyclone last night at 12:30. Birds feeding like mad. (Thought you would be interested in hearing my note of 24th.)

Next few weeks was so busy recording new birds just listed old ones as regulars. Among them E.T.S.

February 28, '56—

Post-Dispatch man took pictures of E.T.S. Terribly windy day. He couldn't get close. They just sat in the red bud tree and OBSERVED him.

April 2, '56—

EXCITING DAY — Overnight Spring is here. The woods are alive with love. Kemps and I have never seen anything like it. E.T.S. has nested in the bluebird house 20 feet away from house. Can see 3 nests in the making that were not there yesterday.

April 5, '56—

28 E.T.S. at feeder this a. m. with MR. and MRS. Towhee.

April 6, '56—

Scorching hot today. Everyone wearing shorts.

April 7, '56—

Snow today. Birds feeding like crazy. Bet we fed 600.

(Continued in next issue)

LEONARD HALL WINS STOKES AWARD

The Thomas L. Stokes Award Committee has presented a \$500 award and citation to our member and director Leonard Hall. This was given for the best writing in 1959 on conservation and utilization of natural resources. The purpose of the award is to encourage outstanding journalism in the field of natural resources in the spirit of Thomas L. Stokes, a nationally syndicated columnist who wrote forcefully on this same subject.

ST. LOUIS AUDUBON BULLETIN

PUBLISHED BY

The St. Louis Audubon Society

Earl H. Hath..... President

Miss Alberta Bolinger..... Executive Secretary



By J. EARL COMFORT
St. Louis Area Spring and Summer Birding

Because of the diligence of several St. Louis Area hawk-eyed and keen-eared youngsters there was a better than fair local composite bird list with warblers the best contributors. Best warblers among the total of 35 species were Cape May, Yellow-throated, Pine, Connecticut and Hooded.

On the contrary, the Spring Shorebirding was anything but good compared to St. Louis standards established in the past. But the late Summer migrant Shorebirds came through in sufficient numbers to send listers afield in eager anticipation. Rarest species for the year have been White-rumped, Baird's and Buff-breasted sandpipers and Sanderling and Marbled Godwit. There have been 25 kinds of Shorebirds to date.

As of mid-Sept. no warbler wave of appreciable numbers has delighted our Fall birders. Undoubtedly the unseasonable heat was a deterring factor.

The St. Louis Audubon Society contributed greatly to the Area composite bird list as well as to the outdoor enjoyment of countless nature enthusiasts with its usual four Forest Park Sunday bird walks, the two Sat. Shaw's Garden hikes, the four Harris Teachers ornithology class field trips and the one-Sunday-a-month Shaw's Garden Arboretum gatherings.

To date 244 species of birds have been reported, with ducks kicking in with 22. The family of so called predators was next highest.

The Audubon Summer Nature sessions for youngsters at Shaw's Garden drew big classes for the split season of two sessions. Without the tireless and faithful attendance of the leaders and instructors these hikes would not be possible. Needless to say their faithfulness is deeply appreciated by the Society and the youngsters, the latter our potential conservationists and naturalists. The list of sharp-eyed birders who contributed to St. Louis Area listing and field leading is too large to be contained in this report.

The meeting in St. Louis of the State chapter of the Nature Conservancy on our annual May census was also a factor in our success because there were two field trips. A Yellow-headed Blackbird turned up on one of the Conservancy hikes to add to the excitement.

FIELD TRIPS

The Nature Center, The Arboretum, Gray Summit, will be open on the last Sunday of each month for field trips. Starting December 17, it will be open on the third Saturday of each month. The later will not be a scheduled field trip. Due to the Missouri deer season, the December 17 date is being substituted for the earlier announced date of November 19.

ST. LOUIS AUDUBON SOCIETY OFFERS IMPORTED CHRISTMAS CARDS
WRAPPING PAPER AND TAGS UNUSUAL GIFT IDEAS

See at Screen Tour, Nov. 22 or call PR. 6-7574 or YO. 5-8642

WANTED

The Smithsonian Institution has requested a complete file of the St. Louis Audubon Society Bulletins. Anyone having all or part of this collection, write: Hope Press, 9912 Clayton Road, St. Louis, Missouri.

CHRISTMAS BIRD COUNT

Meet Boschertown School House
Highway 94, St. Charles County
December 31, 1960 . . . 8:00 A. M.
For details call YO. 5-8642 or FO. 7-1404

FOR SALE

Near Lesterville on the Black River, Reynolds County, Mo., 466 acres, more or less, Improvements: (1) main lodge, 6 rooms, basement, hot water heat, etc., 29,808 cu. ft. (2) adjoining cottage, guesthouse, 5,888 cu. ft. (3) boathouse (4) superintendent's house, 5 rooms, bath, basement, etc. 20,910 cu. ft. (5) barn and workshop, 7 stalls, grain bins, etc., 1,500 cu. ft. (6) barn, 1,768 sq. ft. (7) guesthouse, 3 rooms and bath, fireplace, 582 sq. ft. (8) fisherman's cabin, 367 sq. ft. (9) pump house and well. Fences, macadem roads, 1 deep well, improvements on farm, air strip, hanger, poultry houses, smoke house, timbers, oak, ash, hickory, hard maple and walnut. Main lodge beautifully furnished. Grounds beautifully landscaped and view up the river through picture window. Appraised (without furniture) at \$75,000.00 in 1953. Sale price, including furniture, \$60,000.00. For further information write Earl H. Hath, 509 Olive, St. Louis 1, Mo., GA. 1-1721.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

This story was told recently by Miss Elizabeth Mason of the United States Department of Agriculture, Forest Service:

IN OUR FOREST ARE MANY MANSIONS

Five hikers after a long hard climb reached the top of the mountain and looked down upon the vast immensity of land and sky — each man seeing something different.

The industrialist saw timber and the development of towns and industry. The rancher saw grasses and water for his land and cattle. The sportsman and lover of wildlife saw untrammelled country, primeval beauty and plenty of game and fish. The social scientist saw a place of relaxation from the stresses of modern life and outdoor recreation in all its forms. But the teacher of conservation saw it all in proper perspective . . . the forest as well as the trees, the dollar sign as well as the indefinable inner stirrings that a forest can inspire. He saw "multiple use" in actual practice. He said, in effect, "with wise use, all may partake of our forests and none will be disappointed. To paraphrase a Biblical passage . . . in our forests are many mansions and there is room for all of us."

EARL H. HATH

AN OBJECTIVE AND ACCIDENTAL HUMOR ALONG THE WAY

By SPENCER JONES, *Salem, Mo.*

Having watched all efforts fail to stop ruinous forest fires in our Ozarks I decided in 1953 that a new approach to the problem was needed. I concluded that the minimum change required to overcome adverse social, political and legal conditions would be two legislative victories. First, we should abolish a hangover from the past, open range, and then, we should enact new statutes on forest fires which required a formal burning permit for a landowner, renter or tenant to burn forestland. This two pronged attack would on the one hand remove the temptation to set incendiary fires on commercial forests—both public and private—to “make the grass grow”, and on the other hand, place a roadblock on the so-called control burning.

I have not reached either objective, and this is no estimate of how far I've gone or how close I am to either goal. It is rather a brief account of some events which may prove entertaining as well as enlightening. I must add that I'm not all alone on this project; others have their stories too.

From the beginning I searched for a public official in an open range county (there are about 17 counties qualifying) who would give me information and help. I thought I'd found one so I wrote him in 1955 just after the bill I wanted passed had been introduced (HB 75). Someone had steered me wrong. This character wrote me back that he wouldn't help impose an outsiders civilization on the people, and as for livestock on highways, outsiders could take an airplane. I took the second part as a gentle hint to keep my distance along with others, even though we have paid the most in construction costs for those highways.

Since then this county has lost several thousand high school graduates; and many people who have retired and moved in have changed their minds and moved out. They obviously prefer the outsiders civilization. Nor can elective offices be manned with lawyers where statutes require; not enough lawyers in the whole county.

In the hearing of HB 75 there was no chance for passage as a lynch party had been quietly arranged in advance. One of the baiting questions snarled at me went like this: “Why don't you just build a fence”? I answered that I could fence my land but it would not do anything for anyone else and to do that I was going to build a political fence. The howls of derisive laughter and shouts of hick advice which followed — about 400 strong including committee members — was tops for the evening and has not been equaled in the House Chamber since.

Building that political fence became easier in 1956. Three legislators from southeast Missouri and the wife of one all riding in the same car dodged some range cows and overturned in a deep side ditch. Later that year I had received an invitation to address the resolutions committee of a certain state organization. They were working overtime before I was ushered in. So I was making my pitch against open range as fast and furiously as I could because I thought I might get stopped and thrown out just any minute. I had reached a short pause when someone spoke up in the back of the room. He said that I'd made things plain enough to him and he thought I'd make a good addition to their organization and would I care to join. This caught me somewhat by surprise, but I tried to give an honest answer. I said, “Well, I'm not much of a joiner. I'm kind of

afraid I might get into a group whose policy would tie my hands." The room burst into laughter. I got past the moment with the not too original quip, "Did I say something funny?" When I had finished and was leaving the room one fellow leaned toward me and said, "No, it wasn't funny, bud, but it was one chapter of our history very neatly packaged".

They passed the resolution I wanted — very neatly packaged. I still take pride in that very small victory.

There came in due time a proposed Ozark Rivers National Monument. I attended the first meeting of a group formed locally to study and act on the proposal. Before the second meeting it was apparent that free range operators and their stooges were boring in on the decision making board of the group which now called itself the Current-Eleven Point Rivers Association. I did not attend the second meeting, or any other, but waited for certain events to happen. It didn't take long. They got off a series of twelve questions to the National Park Service which were divergent, peevish and hostile, with one surprising exception. Question 10 was, "Is free range to be permitted"? The obvious answer has got to be, "No". Unofficially it is, "No". Officially it has not been answered as yet.

I was tempted to write the president of the Rivers Association about question 10 and, as hill custom goes, make a small complaint about something I actually liked. Because, as the custom also goes, one can always find faults. By accident I saw the man one day. After friendly greetings I said that I wished to make a small complaint about one of the questions they had just transmitted to the Park Service. He braced himself and challenged, "Yeah"? I said, "That question 10 should have been numbered either 7 or 11 because it was such a natural". And I swung my arm and snapped my finger in the approved manner. He knew about my fight against open range and he laughed heartily with me; his sense of humor is second to nobody's. Since then, and surprising only a few, his association has opposed the Park Service proposal for an Ozark Rivers National Monument. I think the opposition is synthetic and was dictated by free range operators who know all about grabbing decision making machinery in such groups.

There came a day, quite recently, when I and others were speaking in St. Louis to a sub-group of the Missouri Federated Garden Clubs. Two of us were acquainting them with the details of open range in mild and decorous language. We were followed by a speaker whose real subject was something else but he took out after open range too. He did a real blowtorch job with gestures about scooping up a horse on his car hood down in Washington county. It seems he stopped his car to see how bad the situation was and the horse flopped off and trotted away needing only to grow some new skin on a couple of shanks. But the fenders and the hood of the car!! He kept looking at we of the mild words as though he wanted to say, "See here, you sissies, pull out the stops and roar! They love it!" At any rate the points he made were real frosting on the cake; those ladies are buzzing. Bless their needle pointed shoes. And wouldn't they look good as pickets in my political fence? Just good enough to finish the job is all!

Since I'm not a joiner I don't have much in the way of an official title. The evening before speaking to this women's group I saw an account of the meeting in a paper. It listed me as speaker and gave my title as "Trustee of the Missouri Water Commission". Missouri doesn't have a Water Commission nor would one have a trustee, nor would I be remotely likely to be it if all this should happen. Luckily no mail to any such agency is showing up in my mailbox so no harm done from this small error. I can

field all snide remarks it brings from friends and relatives, a pleasure in fact.

The motorists and citizens of Arkansas are probably having the biggest laughs about our state's open range. Since about 1956 there has been a sign along Arkansas highways which reads, "Loose Stock Unlawful". Mississippi outlawed open range in 1956; Florida and Tennessee in 1947. I make no jokes about their getting ahead of our state on progressive legislation — or picking off the new plants in expanding forest industry either. However, there is some grim humor possible about it.

One of the real political giants of Missouri was Governor Frederick Dozier Gardner. He called for the end of open range 40 years ago. Why should present day politicians cringe and creep and hedge and hide behind some whiskered cliché instead of taking a stand on an issue so obviously against the public interest? I may never know unless I read some book as yet unwritten on political psychology.

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